



No. 88

JUNE...TEN CENTS



Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



TOPS IN COMICS!

THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES
WHICH COMPRISE THE
SUPERMAN DC
COMIC GROUP

LOOK FOR THIS
TRADE MARK
ON THE COVER



IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE
BEST IN
COMICS



Now
**ON SALE
EVERYWHERE**



Look
**FOR THE DC
TRADE MARK**



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Printed in U. S. A.

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN



BIG-HEARTED JOHN,
HE CALLS
HIMSELF, DOLING
OUT DOLLARS TO THE
POOR—BUT WHEN
HE SENDS HIS
UNDERWORLD
HENCHMEN TO
COLLECT
HUNDRED-FOLD
PAYMENT, ...AND
MAIM AND MURDER
THOSE WHO PROTEST,
IT APPEARS HE
HAS NO HEART AT ALL!
STRUGGLING
FATHERS,
DEFENSELESS
WIDOWS, THE AGED
AND INFIRM—THESE
ARE SLAVES TO HIS
GREED,
CONDEMNED
TO TOLL THEIR
LIVES AWAY
TO MAKE HIM
RICHER... UNTIL
THOSE MYSTERIOUS
SILENT PARTNERS
OF JUSTICE,
THE BATMAN
AND
ROBIN,
FIT THEIR NIMBLE
WITS AND
MATCHLESS
MUSCLES
AGAINST THE
TERROR
OF —

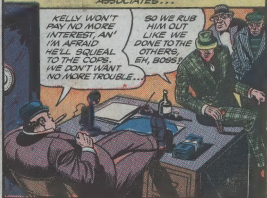
**"THE
MERCHANTS
OF MISERY!"**



A BLOATED KING OF CROOKED FINANCE HOLDS
A CONFERENCE WITH HIS CONFIDENTIAL
ASSOCIATES...

KELLY WON'T
PAY NO MORE
INTEREST, AN'
I'M AFRAID
HE'LL SQUEAL
TO THE COPS.
WE DON'T WANT
NO MORE TROUBLE...

SO WE RUB
HIM OUT
LIKE WE
DONE TO THE
OTHERS.
EH, BOSS?

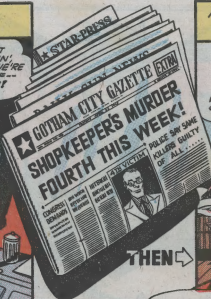




THAT NIGHT, IN A CANDY STORE IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT...

I ALREADY PAID TEN TIMES MORE'N I BORROWED, AND--- AAAHHH-H-H!...

WE AIN'T COLLECTIN', KELLY... WE'RE PAYIN' OFF--- IN LEAD!



THEN →

MEANWHILE, TRAGEDY OF A DIFFERENT SORT HOVERS OVER THE HUMBLE HOME OF GEORGE SIMPSON...

THE DOCTOR SAYS SHE MUST HAVE AN OPERATION, GEORGE -- BUT WHERE WILL WE GET THE MONEY?

I'LL BORROW IT SOMEWHERE, MARY. DON'T YOU WORRY!



BUT I'VE GOT TO GET MONEY SOMEWHERE!

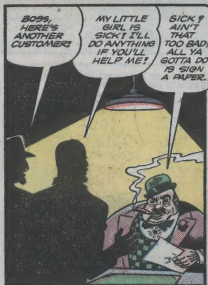
IF I COULD HELP YOU, GEORGE, I'D DO IT IN A MINUTE!

DID I HEAR YOU MENTION MONEY, STRANGER?



I GOT A FRIEND WHO CAN FIX YA UP, BIG-HEARTED JOHN! ONLY YA GOTTA BE WORKIN'...

I'M A NIGHT WATCHMAN! I DON'T MAKE MUCH, BUT IT'S STEADY!



BOSS, HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOMER!

MY LITTLE SICK! I'LL DO ANYTHING IF YOU'LL HELP ME!

SICK? AIN'T THAT TOO BAD! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS SIGN A PAPER...



DON'T BOTHER READIN' IT, YA CAN TRUST BIG-HEARTED JOHN! OF COURSE, THERE'LL BE A SMALL INTEREST CHARGE...

I'LL PAY YOU BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!



FIFTY DOLLARS! IF I ADD ALL MY WAGES TO IT, IT'LL BE ENOUGH! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!

YOUR LUCKY DAY? IT'S ONE OF THE UNLUCKIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE, GEORGE SIMPSON -- AND OF YOUR WIFE'S LIFE, AND YOUR LITTLE GIRL'S! YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH...

SNEERING LAUGHTER ECHOES WHEN THE BORROWER IS OUT OF EAR-SHOT..

HAW, HAW! AIN'T IT A SCREAM, THE WAY THE CHUMPS SIGN AWAY EVERYTHIN' FOR A FEW BUCKS!

THIS IS THE SLICKEST RACKET I WAS EVER IN --- AN' ALMOST LEGAL, TOO!

WE GET OUR DOUGH BACK A HUNDRED TIMES IN INTEREST! THEY SIGN OVER THEIR FURNITURE, SO IF THEY DON'T PAY, WE SMASH IT --- AN' IF THEY SQUAWK, WE BEAT 'EM UP!

AN' IF THEY SQUEAL TO THE LAW, WE PUT 'EM AWAY FOR GOOD... ONLY MOST OF 'EM DON'T DARE TRY IT!

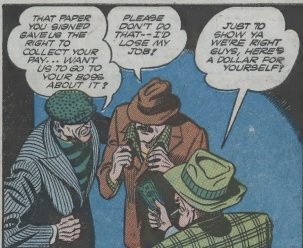
PAYDAY AT THE CONSTRUCTION JOB WHERE GEORGE IS EMPLOYED AS A WATCHMAN...

WON'T BE MUCH LEFT FOR GROCERIES WHEN I FINISH PAYING THE HOSPITAL BILL!



WE'LL TAKE THIS AS THE FIRST PAYMENT ON THAT LOAN!

BUT--BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT TO PAY IT BACK SO SOON! I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT MONEY FOR MY FAMILY!



THAT PAPER YOU SIGNED SAVED US THE RIGHT TO COLLECT YOUR PAY... I WANT US TO GO TO YOUR BOSS ABOUT IT!

PLEASE DON'T DO THAT-- I'D LOSE MY JOB!

JUST TO SHOW YA WE'RE RIGHT GUYS, HERE'S A DOLLAR FOR YOURSELF!

AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

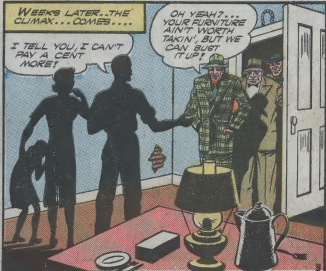
BUT ALL I HAVE IS TWO DOLLARS WE BORROWED FROM A NEIGHBOR FOR FOOD!

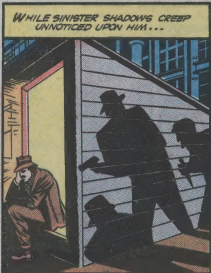
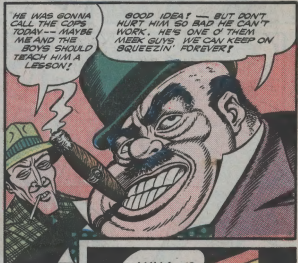
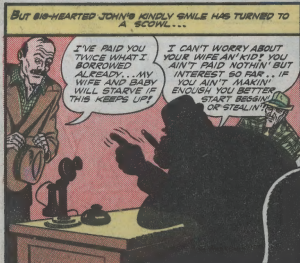
HAND IT OVER, UNLESS YOU WANT A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH O' TROUBLE!

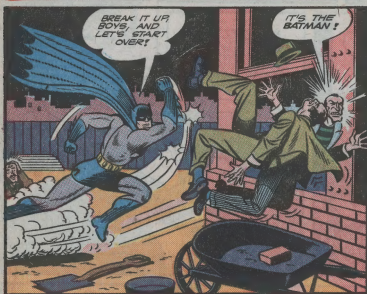
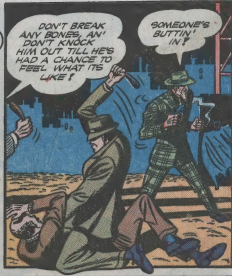
WEEKS LATER... THE CLIMAX... COMES....

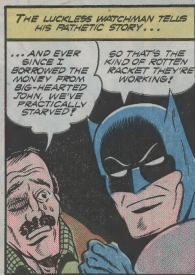
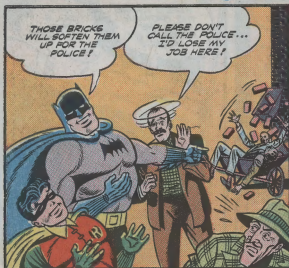
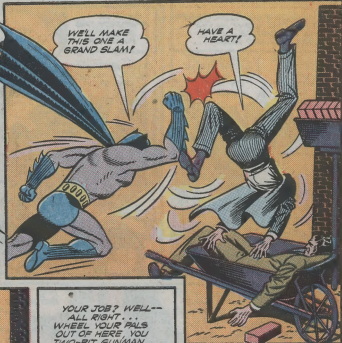
I TELL YOU, I CAN'T PAY A CENT MORE!

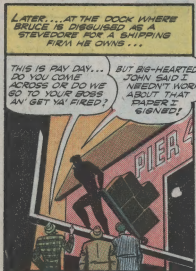
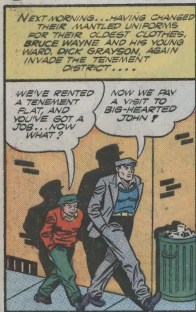
OH YEAH?... YOUR FURNITURE AIN'T WORTH TAKIN', BUT WE CAN SUEB IT UP!

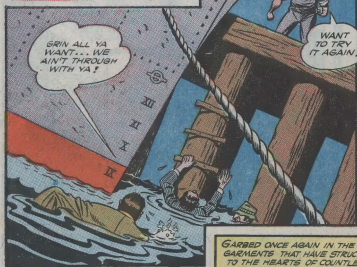








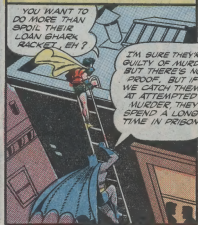




THAT EVENING, IN BRUCE'S TENEMENT FLAT...

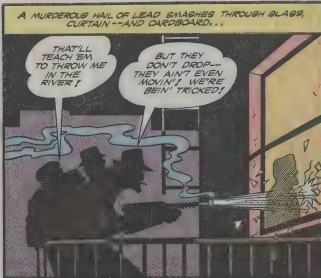


GARBED ONCE AGAIN IN THE WEIRD GARMENTS THAT HAVE STRUCK DREAD TO THE HEARTS OF COUNTLESS 'WRONG-DOERS', THE DYNAMIC DUO BECKS THE ROOF...

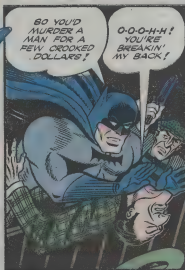


SLOW MINUTES CRAWL PAST... AND STEALTHILY, FIGURES SLINK THROUGH THE NIGHT, SENT ON THE DARKEST OF CRIMES...

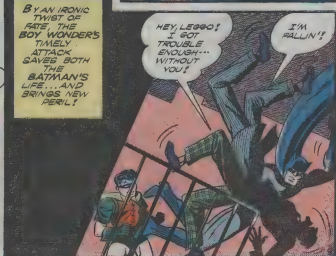


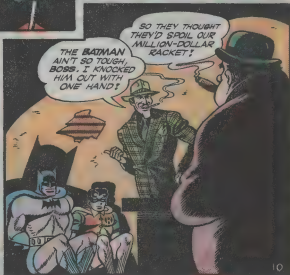
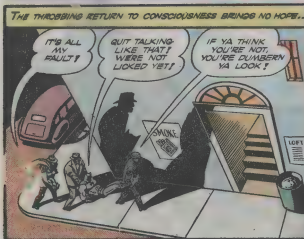


A FEARFUL SHADOW SHEDS
LIKE A GIANT BAT UPON THE
WOULD-BE MURDERERS...



BY AN IRONIC
TWIST OF
FATE, THE
BOY WONDER'S
TIMELY
ATTACK
SAVES BOTH
THE
BATMAN'S
LIFE... AND
BRINGS NEW
PERIL!





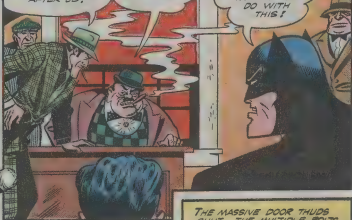
YOU WON'T SPOIL NOTHIN' FOR NOBODY NO MORE, BATMAN! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YA, THE BOYS'LL SINK YA IN THE RIVER SO DEEP THE FISH WON'T EVEN FIND YA!



BOSS, I BET IT WAS THAT GUY GEORGE SIMPSON GOT THE BATMAN AFTER US!

WE'LL KILL HIM, TOO-- RIGHT NOW!

YOU VULTURES LEAVE HIM ALONE! WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!



THE MASSIVE DOOR THUDS SHUT. THE MULTIPLE BODIES SNICK INTO THEIR SOCKETS...



DO YA GO IN NICE AN' GENTLE-- OR DO I SLUG YA?

THEY'LL SMOTHER IN NO TIME!

YOU FIENDS! THE LAW WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU SOME DAY!

BRUCE, I---I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! IF I HADN'T KNOCKED YOU OFF THE FIRE-ESCAPE!

QUIT BLAMING YOURSELF! WE KNEW THE CHANCES WERE AGAINST US... TWIST AROUND AND SEE IF YOU CAN UNTIE THESE KNOTS!



WE'LL PUT EM HERE FOR SAFE-KEEPING WHILE WE TEND TO SIMPSON... WHEN WE GET BACK THEY'LL BE DEAD!

SAFE-KEEPING IS GOOD!



MIXING THE CHEMICAL CONTENTS OF TWO VIALS FROM A POCKET OF HIS UTILITY BELT, THE BATMAN PREPARES A MINIATURE BOMB...

THEY'RE UNTIED... BUT WHAT GOOD ARE YOUR HANDS AGAINST FOUR-INCH STEEL WALLS?

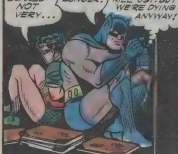
THERE'S ONE SLIM CHANCE! IF IT DOESN'T WORK WE'RE NO WORSE OFF... IF IT DOES, WE MAY SAVE GEORGE SIMPSON FROM THE KILLERS!



I CAN'T BREATHE! BUT I'M NOT SCARED-- NOT VERY...

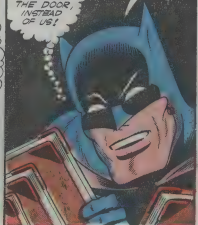
HOLD ON A LITTLE LONGER!

WONDER IF ANYONE EVER TRIED BLOWING A SAFE FROM INSIDE? IT MAY KILL US... BUT WE'RE DYING ANYWAY!



THESE LEDGERS WILL THROW THE FORCE OF THE BLAST AGAINST THE DOOR, INSTEAD OF US!

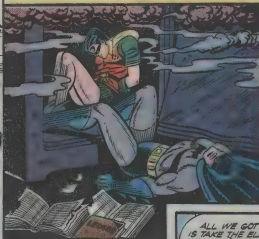
WELL, ROBIN, IF IT'S THE WINDUP, WE'LL MEET IT TOGETHER!



A RIPPING EXPLOSION PACKS THE NARROW VAULT WITH FLAME, THUNDER AND TERRIFIC COUSSION...

BOOM

THE BULGING DOOR OF THE ANCIENT SAFE SAGS OPEN ON BENT HINGES... BUT WHAT IS THIS?



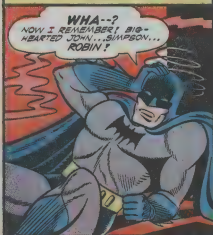
HAS THE ARCH-FOE OF EVIL SUCCEEDED IN BURSTING HIS PRISON, ONLY TO LOSE HIS LIFE ON THE THRESHOLD OF FREEDOM?

?

SILENT MOVEMENTS TIE AWAY... AND FINALLY...

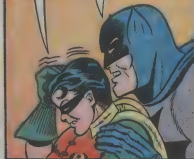
WHA--?

NOW I REMEMBER! BIG-HEARTED JOHN... SIMPSON... ROBIN?



WHERE AM I? MY EARS ARE RINGING!

SNAP OUT OF IT, ROBIN! YOU'RE ALIVE, BY A MIRACLE AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO PERFORM A MIRACLE TO SAVE SOMEONE ELSE'S LIFE!



WILL THEY BE IN TIME? THE NIGHT WIND FLUTTERS AT THEIR STREAMING CLOAKS WITH GHOSTLY FINGERS AS THEY STREAK THROUGH THE STREETS...

WE CAN MAKE IT FASTER ON FOOT THAN BY LOOKING FOR A CAR... THERE ISN'T A SECOND TO LOSE!

IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER!



AND AS THEY REACH THE SKELETON BUILDING WHERE SIMPSON'S EMPLOYED...

LOOK! THEY'RE HANGING HIM!



ALL WE GOTTA DO IS TAKE THE ELEVATOR DOWN AND LEAVE HIM HANGIN' HERE!



THEY'VE GOT THE ELEVATOR, SO WE'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL THE HARD WAY!

I'D CLIMB TO THE MOON TO TAKE A POKE AT PIG-HEARTED JOHN!



HIGH AGAINST THE BLACK SKY, THE GREEDY MURDERERS FACE THEIR FEARSOME ENEMY...

IT'S THEM! IT AIN'T HUMAN!

LEWIE GET BACK TO EARTH... IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

A HAIL OF BULLETS FLIES UPWARD AS THE ELEVATOR DESCENDS, LEAVING THE BATMAN ALONE ON HIS PERILOUS PERCH...

YOU KNOCKED OUT THE BATMAN WITH ONE HAND, DID YOU?

THAT ONE GOT ME!

SO DEATH COMES TO ONE WHO EARNED IT RICHLY... PROVING A MORAL THAT ALL OF US KNOW TOO WELL...

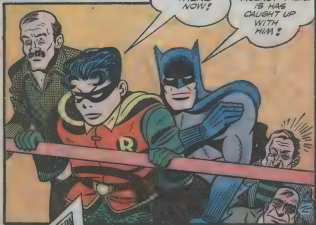
IF HE HADN'T SHOT THE BATMAN HE WOULDN'T BE DOWN THERE NOW!

THE BIGGEST COLLECTION AGENCY THERE IS HAS CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!

PLUNGING HELPLESSLY THROUGH THE AIR, THE WOUNDED WARRIOR IS YET AN INSTRUMENT OF JUSTICE... FOR...

HELP! SAVE ME, SOMEBODY! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

WE SURRENDER!



AND TO GEORGE SIMPSON AND HIS LITTLE FAMILY COMES HAPPINESS, OUT OF WHAT THREATENED TO BE DEEPEST TRAGEDY...

HERE'S ALL THAT BIG-HEARTED JOHN TOOK FROM YOU EXCEPT THE AMOUNT OF THE ORIGINAL LOAN... HIS OTHER VICTIMS WILL GET THEIR MONEY BACK, TOO—EXCEPT THE ONES HE MURDERED!

WE'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US!

YOU-YOU'RE WONDERFUL, BATMAN!

WOND'ERFUL HOW!



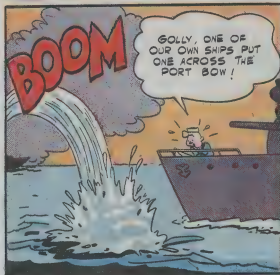
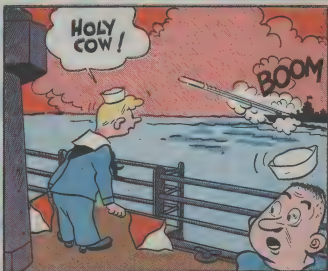
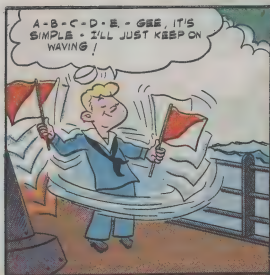
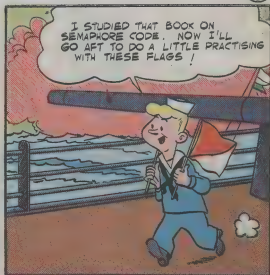
LATER, AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME...

BIG-HEARTED JOHN'S PAIS WILL GET OUT OF PRISON IN TWENTY YEARS... DO YOU THINK THEY'LL HAVE LEARNED THEIR LESSON BY THEN?

IT'S HARD TO SAY... IF THEY HAVEN'T, THEY'LL GO RIGHT BACK. THEY ALWAYS DO!



The END



ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

ESCAPE FROM TWO-WAY DEATH!

MEN, THIS COURSE IS A REAL TEST UNDER FIRE. YOU'RE TO CRAWL THROUGH THAT AREA. LIVE AMMUNITION WILL BE SHOT LESS THAN 3 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. STAY DOWN OR ELSE!

OH-HO- REAL BULLETS?

C'MON, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH, QUICKIE

O.K., PAL - FIRST ONE THROUGH WINS A ROYAL CROWN COLA. AND I'LL HAVE ONE, TOO!

WOW! A RATTLESNAKE! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING BEFORE QUICKIE SEES IT SO CLOSE TO HIM. HE'LL JUMP UP RIGHT INTO THE LINE OF FIRE

SUDDENLY "R.C." SEES A DEADLY RATTLESNAKE

REACHING OVER, HE GRABS THE POISONOUS REPTILE BEHIND THE JAWS

HEY, QUICKIE, I JUST CAUGHT A LITTLE PET FOR YOU TO TAME. HE CAN'T HURT YOU ANY NOW

HUH? OH MY GOSH!

QUICK THINKING, "R.C."

BOY-OH-BOY! YOU SURE SAVED ME FROM BEING SHOT, OR BITTEN OR BOTH

FORGET IT, PAL, BUT DON'T FORGET I WON SOMETHING FROM YOU!

I REALLY NEEDED A "QUICK-UP". THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE TASTES GOOD

GOOD? WHY, QUICKIE, THIS IS THE BEST-TASTING COLA YOU CAN GET, AND 70 MOVIE STARS BACK ME UP

AT THE CANTEEN

FAMOUS FILM COWBOY HOOT GIBSON says:

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

"It really does taste best," says fast riding cowboy star Hoot Gibson. Hoot took the famous cola taste-test. He sampled leading colas from paper cups - and found that one was best by far. That one was Royal Crown Cola. "From now on," he says, "a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola is always within reach!" Try it.

See Hoot Gibson in Monogram Pictures' "TRAIL BLAZERS" Series

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!



AGILE ATHLETE, FEARLESS FIGHTER, TENACIOUS FOLLOWER OF CRIME'S TWISTED TRAILS... *Air Wave* IS ALL THIS AND MORE BESIDES! BUT... HE CAN BE STOPPED! YES, HERE'S A STORY IN WHICH THIS WIZARD OF WIRELESS IS ROBBED OF HIS REMARKABLE POWERS! AND WHAT HAPPENS WILL LIFT YOU OUT OF YOUR SEAT WHEN *Air Wave* GETS CAUGHT UP IN AN... "Underworld Jam Session!"

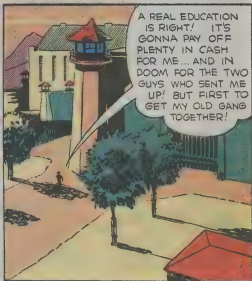
Meet... "Snake Eyes" Bentley... headed for freedom at last, after a long sentence in the penitentiary!

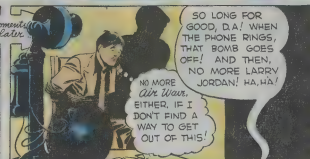
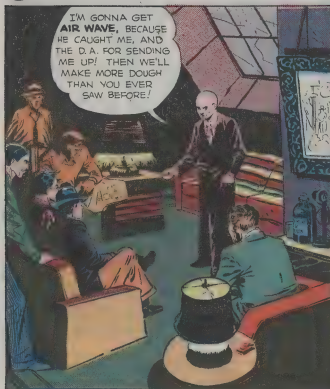
WITH WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED IN THE PRISON RADIO SHOP, BENTLEY, YOU CAN GET A JOB IN ANY REPAIR STORE! I HOPE YOU, DO AND GO STRAIGHT!

THANKS, WARDEN! THIS STRETCH HAS BEEN A REAL EDUCATION TO ME!



A REAL EDUCATION IS RIGHT! IT'S GONNA PAY OFF PLENTY IN CASH FOR ME... AND IN DOOM FOR THE TWO GUYS WHO SENT ME UP! BUT FIRST TO GET MY OLD GANG TOGETHER!





AND THE NEXT INSTANT, THE "SECOND" OBJECT OF SNAKE EYES BENTLEY'S VENGEANCE SLIPS FROM THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HOME ...*Air Wave!*

LET'S SEE IF I CAN TUNE IN ON BENTLEY'S GUN!... WHA...? ALL I GET, DEAFENING STATIC! SOMEONE SEEMS TO BE USING A RADIO JAMMING SET!

BZZ...
ZZZZ
Z...

RIGHT, AIR WAVE! FOR NOT LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE MADE SNAKE EYES STUDY HARD IN PRISON. BUT LOVE OF LOOT AND...REVENGE!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF JAMMING THE ETHER, BOSS? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED AIR WAVE TO HORN IN SO WE COULD BUMP HIM!

I NEED MONEY FIRST! BUT IF HE DOES BUTT IN, YOU'LL SEE HOW I'VE GOT EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT!

BUT HOW CAN HE, WHEN HE CAN'T TRACK US DOWN?

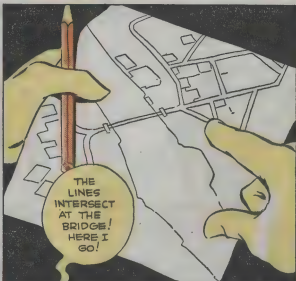
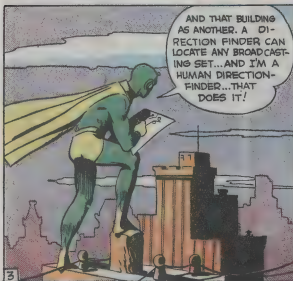
HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO DO THAT, PROBABLY... BUT HE'LL WISH HE DIDN'T WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM! SLOW DOWN... HERE'S WHERE WE GRAB OURSELVES SOME DOUGH!

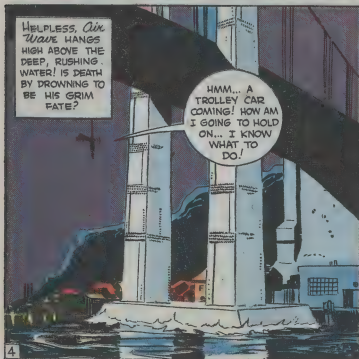
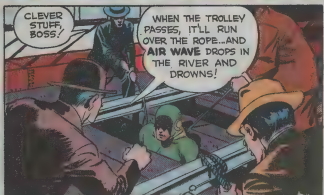
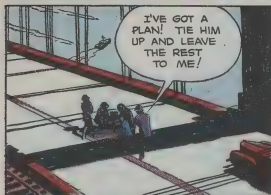
A
HOLDUP!

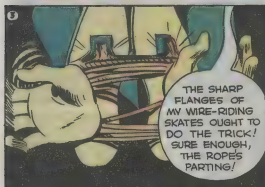
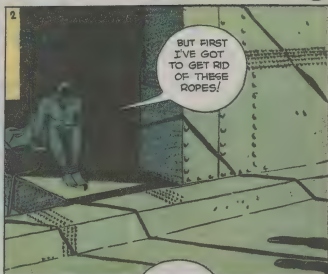
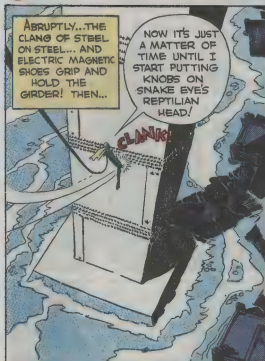
SURE! AT FIFTY CENTS A CAR, YOU BOYS TAKE IN PLENTY IN A DAY-- AND WE'RE RELIEVING YOU OF THE TROUBLE OF TURNING IT IN! THOUGHTFUL, AIN'T WE?

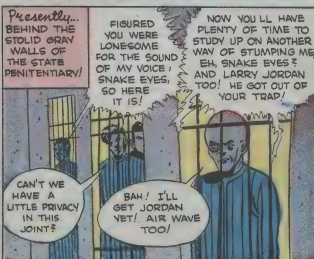
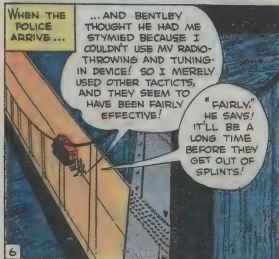
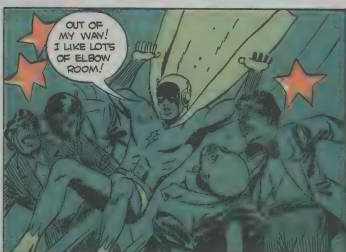
BUT MEANWHILE, **AIR WAVE** IS SHREWDLY OVERCOMING THE OBSTACLE SNAKE EYES HAS THROWN IN HIS WAY!

THE FIRST THING TO DO IS LOCATE THE JAMMER! I'LL USE THAT STEEPLE AS ONE POINT...









'THREE RING' BINKS

'THREE RING' I'M OPEN FOR AN ENGAGEMENT-- I'M THE CRÉME DE LA CRÉME OF ALL MAGICIANS, I'M THE TOPS, PAL. - HERE, TAKE A CARD-- ANY OLD CARD-- I'LL TEAR THAT CARD UP IN A THOUSAND PIECES-- SWALLOW THE PIECES, AN' THEN SHOW YOU THAT SAME CARD RESTORED AGAIN, FOLDED UP IN YOUR OWN WATCH-CASE--
AM I GOOD!

WHAT HAM IS TO EGGS, WHAT SYRUP IS TO PANCAKES, AND WHAT STUFFIN' IS TO A TURKEY-- THAT'S WHAT 'THREERING' IS TO THE SHOW BUSINESS! FOR FORTY YEARS (MAN AND BOY) HE'S NEVER KNOWN ANYTHING ELSE, BUT-- NOW HE'S AN ACE BOOKING-AGENT--

WAIDAMINUTE!--
WAIDAMINUTE!--

SO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE A THIRD ALARM BLAZE, EH? HOT STUFF? LISTEN, SONNY BOY---

--BACK ABOUT THUTTY YEAR AGO, I WAS TRAIPSING THROUGH THE CANEBRAKES WITH AN ANAEMIC LITTLE CARNIVAL OF MY OWN-- ONE DAY A WEIRD LOOKING COOT STEPPED INTO MY TENT AND ALLOWED THAT HE WAS--

MAR-VEE-ELLO'S STORY:-- I STARTED OUT IN LIFE AS A MASTER BRIDGE-BUILDER -- BUT MY FIRST EIGHTEEN BRIDGES WERE BUSTS--

- A MAGICIAN WITH AN 18 KARAT DISAPPEARING ACT, MISTER-- MY NAME'S MAR-VEE-ELLO, -- AN' HERE'S MY STORY:--

PLOP!!

-- NEXT I TOOK UP BANKING, BUT ALL OF MY BANKS **BUSTED!**--



-- NOT TO BE OUT-DAUNTED, I THEN PLUNGED HEADLONG, YOU MIGHT SAY, INTO SHIP-BUILDING, --- THAT **BUSTED!!**



-- LATER I MAJORED IN CHEMISTRY-- I SOON DISCOVERED THE FORMULA FOR THE GREATEST EXPLOSIVE CONCENTRATE EVER KNOWN TO SCIENCE, **PFOOF!**-- THE FORMULA **BUSTED!**



-- BUT,-- WHILE STUDYING CHEMISTRY, I ALSO DISCOVERED THE MOST BAFFLING LIQUID THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN ---



-- SO-- HAVING FAILED IN EVERYTHING ELSE, I INSTANTLY DECIDED TO BECOME A CIRCUS MAGICIAN ...



SOUNDS KINDA SCREW-SEGY, IF YOU ASK ME, MY FRIEND, BUT GO AHEAD,-- **DEMONSTRATE!**

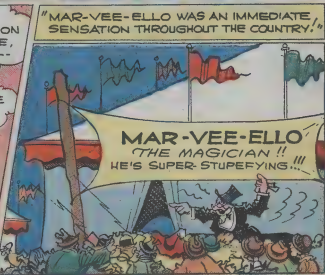
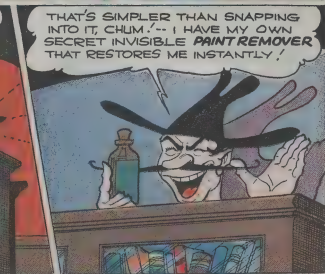
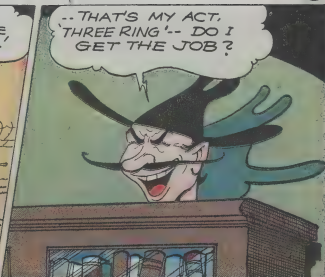
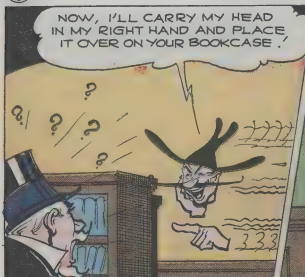


OKAY, PAL,-- FIRST I'LL PAINT MY LEGS COMPLETELY **OUT** OF SIGHT,-- **SO!!**

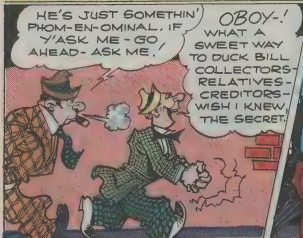


NEXT,-- I'LL PAINT **EVERYTHING** OUT,-- UP TO MY NECK!-- HOW'M I DOIN'?





-- HE CONTINUED TO BE THE GREATEST SENSATION OF ALL TIMES FOR YEARS--



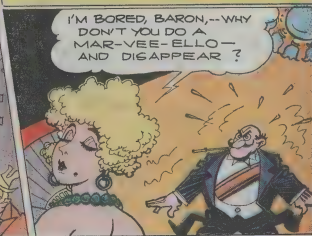
-- EVEN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE WAS STARTLED OUT OF ITS WITS AT HIS UNCANNY WIZARDRY --



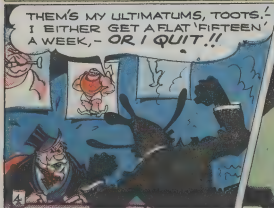
-- MILLIONS OF STATUES WERE MADE OF MAR-VEE-ELLO AND SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD --



-- HIS VERY NAME BECAME A BYWORD WITH THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS OF THE DAY--



-- FINALLY HE BECAME SO FAMOUS, THAT HE GOT CONCEITED-- IN FACT HE GOT SO CONCEITED THAT HE DEMANDED A RAISE.!

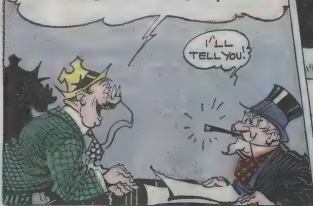


-- HE HAD ME CORNERED! THO' REALIZING THAT THE HAND THAT WAS FEEDING ME WAS BITING ME TOO, - OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF ME HEART, I GAVE IT TO HIM.!



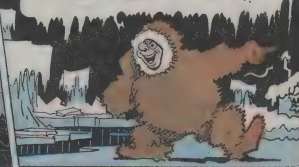
WOTTA MAN!- WOTTA MAN!
YOUR YARN INTRIGUES ME, 'THREE RING'
- AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOUR MYSTIFYING, MESMERISING
MAHOUT OF MAGIC?

I'LL
TELL YOU!



-- BUT POD'NER, FROM HERE ON, MY TALE
TAKES A CANTANKEROUS TWIST- A FEW
MONTHS LATER WE WERE PLAYING A
ONE-NIGHT STAND IN NOME, ALASKA--

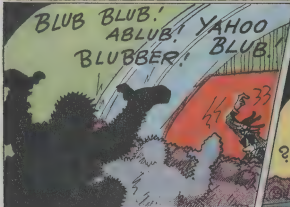
CHIEF YAZQUINOAKNOX! YOOHOO!
TURN ON THE NORTHERN LIGHTS -
A CARNIVAL'S IN TOWN!!



"MAR-VEE-ELLO, NOW THE HEADLINER-
WENT ON TO DO HIS ACT, - AN EAGER
AUDIENCE OF SOME 495781 SOULS,
(INCLUDING THE ESKIMOES) CHEERED MADLY.

-- JUST BY WAY OF SHOWING OFF,
MAR-VEE-ELLO PAINTED A DOUBLE-
DOSE OF HIS DISAPPEARING PAINT ALL
OVER HIMSELF FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

BLUB BLUB! ABLUB! YAHOO
BLUBBER! BLUB!



I'LL GIVE THESE ICICLE-BENDERS
THE BEST SHOW OF MY CAREER 'CAUSE
I LIKE MY CHOCOLATES FROSTED!



BUT-- AND HERE'S THE TRAGEDY
O' MY TALE-- IT WAS MIGHTY COLD
UP THERE, AND ON ACCOUNT O' THAT,
THE PAINT REMOVER JUST
WOULDN'T WORK ---

-- AND SO -- WE NEVER SAW MAR-VEE-ELLO
AGAIN!.. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM
TO EVER RE-APPEAR AFTER THAT!.. SO
ENDED THE GREATEST MAGICIAN OF ALL
TIMES-- HE'S PROBABLY STILL WALKING
THE STREETS OF NOME, ALASKA,-- BUT
NOBODY KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE--!

AND,-- SO WHAT ??



PHEW-W, THAT TOPS ME, 'THREE RING'
I'LL SPEND THE REST O' MY LIFE
RAISIN' EASTER RABBITS!

HE H- HEH- HEH!





"Stick around fellas—this ought to be good—Spike doesn't know that Pee Wee has been eating Wheaties!"

SMART BOY, PEE WEE. HE KNOWS THAT A FAVORITE TRAINING DISH OF MANY STAR PERFORMERS IS MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

YOU GET MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF WHEATIES. ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT PACKED IN BIG, GOLDEN FLAKES THAT ARE ROASTED AND TOASTED AND DELICIOUSLY

FLAVORED WITH RICH MALT SYRUP. SMART EATING AND SWELL TASTING... THAT'S MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 644, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY.



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

THE BIGGER THE CRIME, THE BETTER THE CHANCES OF SUCCESS, BELIEVES THIS SHREWD SCOUNDREL! SO HE CONCEIVES A REAL WHOPPER OF A SWINDLE AND SETS UP HIS CREDULOUS VICTIM FOR AN AWFUL FLEECING! BUT THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING HAVE NO LOVE FOR EITHER LARGE CRIMES OR SMALL... AND NEITHER DANGER NOR FEAR OF DEATH HALT THEIR COURSE AS THEY TAKE UP THE TRAIL OF...

"The
IMPOSTOR OF NEWSPAPER ROW."

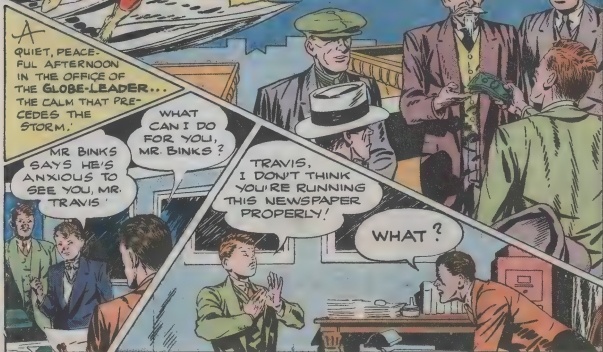
A
QUIET, PEACEFUL AFTERNOON IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER... THE CALM THAT PRECEDES THE STORM.

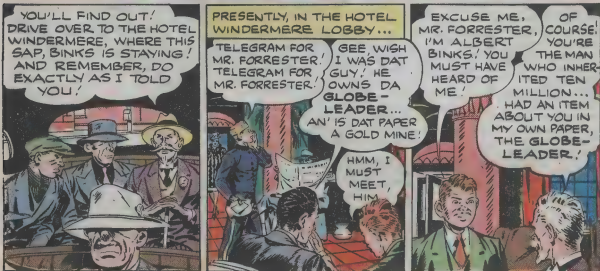
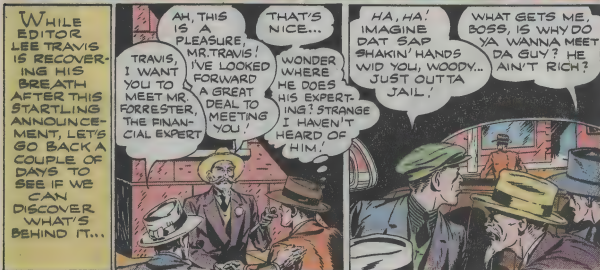
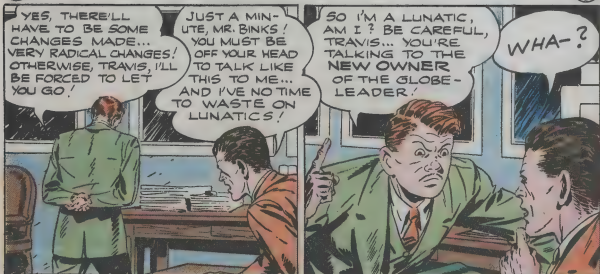
MR BINKS SAYS HE'S ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU, MR. TRAVIS.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MR BINKS?

TRAVIS, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE RUNNING THIS NEWSPAPER PROPERLY!

WHAT?





THAT'S RIGHT! AND I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN NEWS-PAPERS...

I KNOW THAT, SAP... I HEARD YOU MENTION IT THE OTHER DAY!

GLAD TO LEARN OF YOUR INTEREST MR. BINKS! PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE ME TO SHOW YOU HOW THE GLOBE-LEADER IS RUN!

AND SO...

YOU REMEMBER ME, MR. TRAVIS... I'M THE MR. FORRESTER YOU MET THE OTHER DAY. I WONDER IF YOU COULD SHOW ME AND A FRIEND OF MINE THROUGH THE BUILDING!

I SUPPOSE SO! IF YOU'LL BE HERE THIS AFTER-NOON, I'LL HAVE A LITTLE MORE TIME!

THUS, THAT AFTERNOON...

THIS PRESS CAN TURN OUT 100,000 COPIES AN HOUR!

VERY INTERESTING, TRAVIS, VERY INTERESTING!

GOSH, I'DA HARDLY BELIEVED IT!

NOW, THIS MATRIX, IS OF A SPECIAL TYPE...

THAT'S A BIT TECHNICAL, TRAVIS... MIND SHOWING US SOMETHING ELSE?

FORRESTER'S ATTITUDE IS CERTAINLY PATRONIZING! HE ACTS AS IF HE OWNED THE PLACE!

PRECISELY FORRESTER'S PURPOSE, SO AS TO BE ABLE TO SELL THE GLOBE-LEADER TO BINKS! AND NOW, LET US TAKE UP WHERE WE LEFT LEE TRAVIS AND THE NEW "OWNER".

LET ME MAKE THINGS CLEAR, TRAVIS! I'M NOT ENTIRELY THE OWNER YET... BUT I'VE PAID MR. FORRESTER \$10,000 DOWN, AND I INTEND TO PAY THE REST OF THE PURCHASE PRICE TOMORROW!

SO THAT'S WHY FORRESTER SCRAPED AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH ME... SO HE COULD ROSE AS THE OWNER! GREAT SCOTT! IT'S LIKE THE OLD SWINDLE GAME OF SELLING THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE!

I'M SORRY, MR. BINKS... I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND!

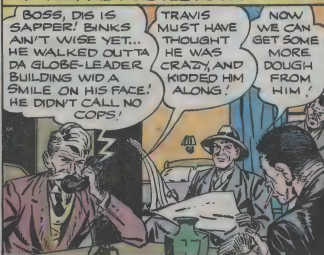
I WON'T TELL HIM HE'S BEEN HOAXED, OR FORRESTER WILL LEAVE TOWN! BUT IF FORRESTER THINKS HE CAN COLLECT SOME MORE MONEY HE'LL HANG AROUND!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, TRAVIS.

NO SOONER HAS THE UNSUSPECTING VICTIM GONE...



IN A NEARBY HOTEL ROOM...



BUT THE CRIMINALS GLOAT TOO SOON! FOR UNEXPECTEDLY...



OUT ON LIMB, INSTEAD!



BUT DESPERATION INSPIRES ONE LAST EFFORT IN A BADLY BATTERED HOODLUM...



LIKE THE BOLAS OF THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS, RECEIVER AND BASE WHIRL DANGEROUSLY ... THEN SEIZE UPON AN UNSUSPECTING VICTIM !

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT MESSAGE AVENGER ?



DIS'LL PUT AN END TO YOUR TROUBLES, CHUM !



FIGHTING VALIANTLY ALONE, WING IS OVERWHELMED BY SUPERIOR FORCE, AND SOON ...

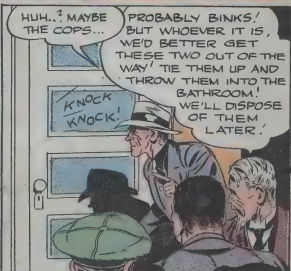
WE'LL MAKE THESE FOOLS SORRY THEY EVER INTERFERED !

THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW ENOUGH TO BE SORRY ! I'LL BUMP 'EM OFF RIGHT NOW, AN ...



HUH..? MAYBE THE COPS...

PROBABLY BINKS ! BUT WHOEVER IT IS, WE'D BETTER GET THESE TWO OUT OF THE WAY ! TIE THEM UP AND THROW THEM INTO THE BATHROOM ! WE'LL DISPOSE OF THEM LATER !



SECONDS LATER...

AH, HELLO BINK ! HOW'S THE BIG NEWSPAPER MAN TODAY ?

FINE, FORRESTER, FINE ! IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT A MAN OF INTELLIGENCE CAN DO WITH MONEY !

PRESENTLY, AS ROGUE AND VICTIM DEPART...

AH, WOE ! LOOK LIKE WE TAKEN TO CLEANERS !

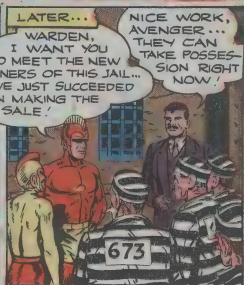
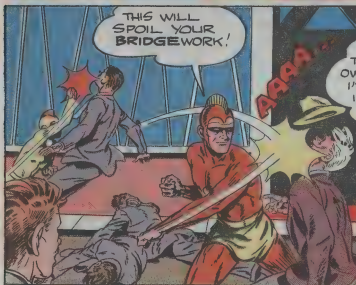
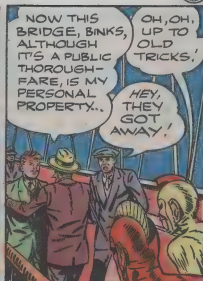
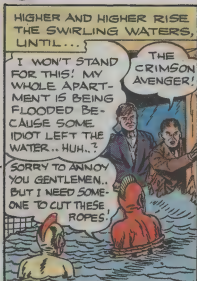
HMM, YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA THERE, WING !



WHA..? MIST CLIMSON, THIS NO TIME TO TAKE BATH !

ON THE CONTRARY. WING, THIS BATH WILL COME IN VERY HANDY... YOU'LL SEE !





SLAM BRADLEY

P RIVATE DETECTIVE SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN NEVER HAVE NEEDED A FORTUNE-TELLER TO REMIND THEM THAT THE FUTURE HOLDS TRAPS AND TROUBLES AND LOTS OF LAUGHS! SO WHEN SHORTY DECIDES TO CONSULT A GRINNING GARGOYLE ITS THE USUAL FISTS AND FUN! BUT IT'S UNUSUAL TRICKERY AND THIEVES... BEFORE OUR PUZZLED PARTNERS CAN UNTANGLE THE MUDDLED MYSTERY OF...

FUTURES FOR SALE!



A STROLL DOWN THE CITY STREET TO HELP FORGET THE CARES OF CRIME-CATCHING...AND OUR HEROES PAUSE BEFORE A FEARFUL FIGURE...

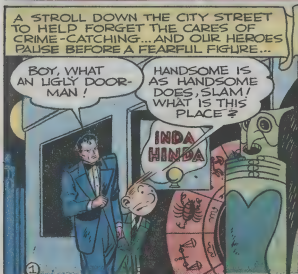
BOY, WHAT AN UGLY DOOR-MAN!

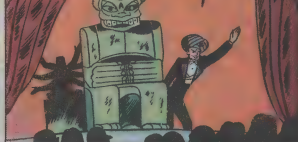
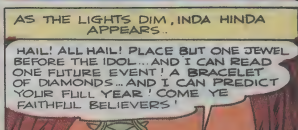
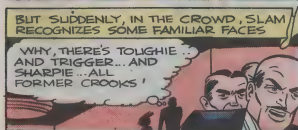
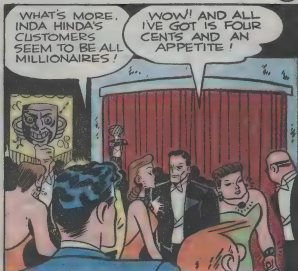
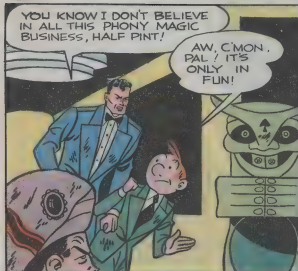
HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES, SLAM! WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

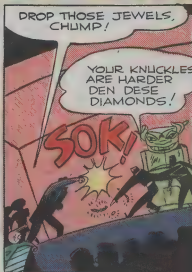
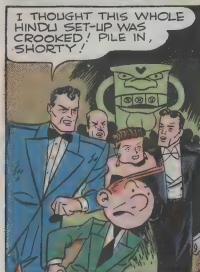
INDA HINDA

SOME NEW FORTUNE-TELLER'S SET-UP... COME ON, SQUIRT!

BUT I'VE HEARD THIS INDA HINDA'S PRETTY GOOD! S'POSE I HAVE MY FORTUNE TOLD!







SLAM AND SHORTY ARE HELPED BY UNEXPECTED ALLIES!

SOCK 'EM, FELLERS!

WHAT? HE'S HELPING US! SO THESE CROOKS AREN'T IN WITH HIM!

BOOM!

TOO MANY CROOKS TO BE CAPTURED...BUT THEY ARE BEATEN OFF!

ENDANGER NOT YOURSELVES, GOOD MEN! OUR THANKS FOR YOUR TIMELY AID!

ANYWAY, WE SAVED THE JEWELS!

BUT INDRA HINDA SAID "SOCK 'EM, FELLERS"... THAT'S NOT HINDU TALK... AND THAT IDOL SOUNDED HOLLOW...THERE'S MORE TO THIS....

WITH ORDER RESTORED, THE COLLECTION OF GEMS CONTINUES.....

RUBIES FOR THE IDOL... MORE PEARLS!

I'M GONNA PUT MY \$1.49 WRIST WATCH IN!

ALL RIGHT, SHORT STUFF. I'LL JUST DRIFT AROUND...

ONLY JEWELS, SIR!

SURE, PUT IT IN...IT'S A ONE-JEWEL WATCH, AIN'T IT?

NOW ALL IS IN THE IDOL'S POWER! SOON I, INDRA HINDA, SHALL PREDICT THE FUTURE!

TO PROTECT YOUR TREASURES FROM THE FLAMES OF THE FUTURE! THE SACRED CASKET!

THE SPIRIT SEANCE BEGINS !

THE FIRES OF THE FUTURE !
BUT I SHALL PIERCE THE
HOT FLAMES...AND THE
SOUL OF THE IDOL
SHALL SPEAK TO
ME !

MADAME VAN VANT...THE SPIRITS
BRING YOUR NAME FIRST....
MADAME VAN VANT....

IT'S THE
POWER OF MY
BIG EMERALD !

YOUR BIRTH DATE IS
MARCH 12TH...YOU HAVE
THREE SONS...BEWARE
YOUR EVIL DAY, THE
6TH OF MAY...

WHY, IT'S ALL TRUE ! AND
I'LL BE CAREFUL, INDA
HINDA, ON THE SIXTH
OF MAY !

GEE, HE'S
GOOD ! HOPE
HE GETS TO
MY WATCH !

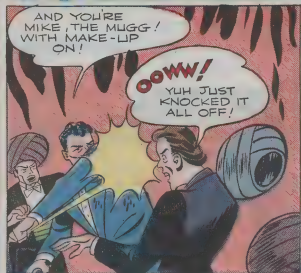
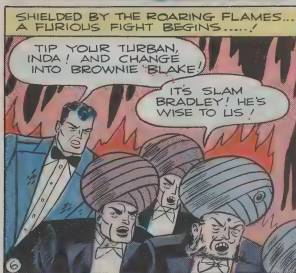
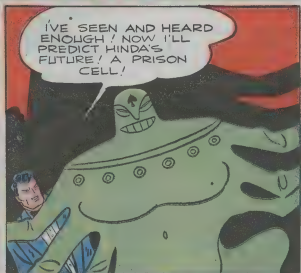
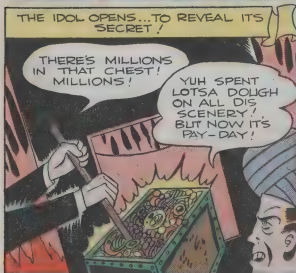
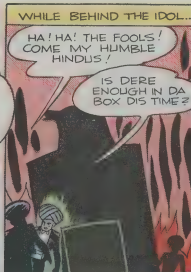
THE FLAMES MOUNT
HIGHER ! SO I CAN
SEE MORE ! MADAME
GILDEDALL.....
MADAME GILDEDALL !

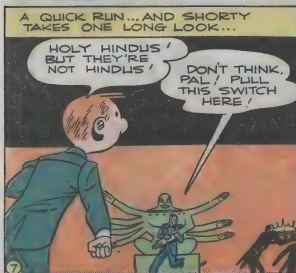
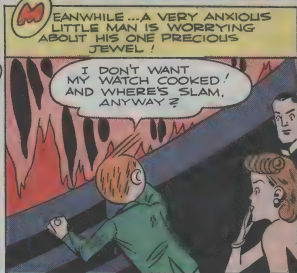
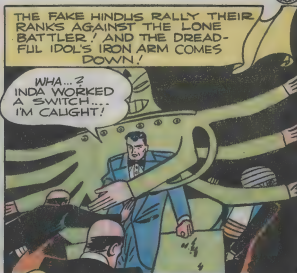
THAT'S MY
NAME !
THAT'S ME !

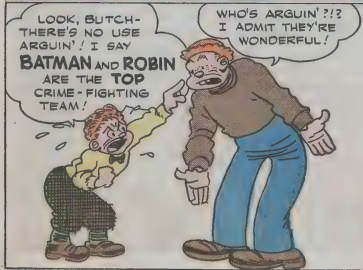
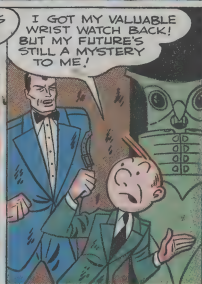
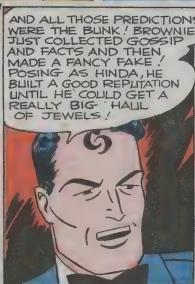
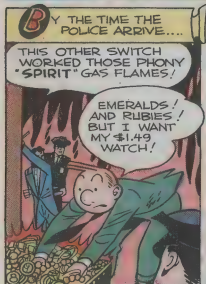
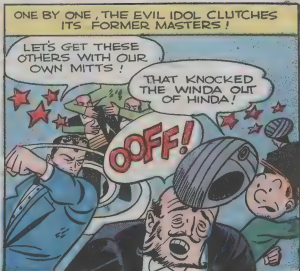
BUT TO SEE AND HEAR EVERY
PASSING SIGHING SPIRIT....
THE IDOL'S FLAMES MUST
BURN MORE FIERCELY....
IF YOU ALL PERMIT....

BURN THE FIRE
HIGHER ! LET'S
HEAR MORE !

SURE...BUT
DON'T HURT MY
EXPENSIVE
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SOMEBODY PLENTY SMART

by Alan Cabot

"WELL, what do you think of that?" said Lefty. "It says here in the new dictionary I bought for my cross-word puzzles that a genius is somebody who is plenty smart. I knew you was wrong all along, Fingers, giving me that mullarkey about a gee who comes out of a lamp which is rubbed by somebody named Aladdin."

Fingers Preston snapped off the radio dial. "What I told you yesterday is correct, Lefty," he chided. "I well remember it from my childhood. This Aladdin rubs a lamp and out pops a guy who can do anything. I tell you they called the guy what popped out a genius."

"You are wrong," Lefty said, determinedly. "I say you are wrong and if . . ." He stopped as a huge shadow suddenly fell across the door. His mouth agape, Lefty added, "It's Dippy, the Big Boy."

In a moment, Dippy Drew stepped across the threshold into the small room occupied by his hirelings. His big face wore a petulant expression and, in his hand, he carried a newspaper, opened as usual to the society page.

"What is all this arguing, you muggs?" he stormed. "You know I am trying to think up a new job for us. We have taxes to pay, you know, and we haven't pulled a job in a long time."

Fingers guffawed, an outburst that was split in mid-birth by Dippy's snapping eyes. "I—I'm sorry, Big Boy," he said. "I was only trying to tell Lefty about this genius and Aladdin's lamp. But he . . ."

"Lefty is right," Big Boy said, his humor suddenly restored. "He is absolutely right. A genius is somebody who is plenty smart." He picked a huge cigar out of his pocket, stuffed it into his oversized mouth. "Matter of fact, boys, you might call me one of those things."

Lefty and Fingers exchanged glances, then both nodded. This was something neither had realized before. Big Boy Dippy certainly was smarter than lots of people. Look how he always followed the papers and the society pages and doped out plenty of jobs. Why he . . .

"And speaking of a lamp, boys," Dippy said. "I know where we can get one."

Surprised, Lefty stared at Dippy and the latter, as though relishing this astonishment, went on. He held up the paper. "It seems, boys," he said, "that this rich lady, Miss Van Melton, has gotten ahold of a very rare lamp. It was made in India and it is called the Mahal. She is going to show this lamp at a party on her Long Island estate next week."

Dippy pursed his lips, savored the startled expressions Lefty and Fingers were wearing. "I think maybe we will get us this lamp."

"Big Boy," said Lefty. "I do not mean any disrespect, but do you feel okay? I think I read someplace where all geniuses are crazy. Now, I do not mean that you are crazy, Big Boy, but you can buy plenty of lamps for a buck a throw, and . . ."

Dippy raised his hand. "You boys will please sit down and listen. I can see now why I am a genius and the brains of this organization." He slapped the opened newspaper on the table as the boys sat down. "This lamp happens to be filled with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. It incidentally happens to be worth a quarter of a million smackers. It is a legend." Lefty's eyes goggled. "Two hundred and fifty thousand for a lamp," he said. "I can't believe it." He looked suspiciously at Dippy. "This legend, how much is it worth?"

Fingers looked at him in disgust. "A legend is something like history," he said. "I can never understand how you ever get through one of those cross-word

puzzles."

Dippy's hand smacked the table for silence. "This time Fingers is right, Lefty," he said, "and it will pay you to listen. It seems that this lamp has always brought hard luck to the owner. And this Miss Van Melton, who bought it, is going to sell it and give the proceeds to a worthy charity." He winked. "And since I am not superstitious, I have decided we will be the charity."

Lefty and Fingers nodded. "Big Boy," they said in unison, "there is no one like you."

Dippy regarded them with affection. "Thank you, boys! And I will even go further and show how much smarter I am than they think. We will cop this lamp and remove the diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and then we will throw the lamp away. That way, we have no hard luck."

Well, there was no holding the boys then. Their faces assumed rapt expression and if Dippy had wanted to run against F.D.R., they would have bet on him to win. Those crooks really loved the Big Boy.

Dippy waited until they had come out of their trance. "Now," he said. "We will plan the job, fellers. We only got a week to do it in."

And so that's how it happened that on the morning of the day the party was to be held, Lefty and Fingers reported the result of their spying on the Van Melton estate way out on Long Island.

"It is going to be a cinch, Big Boy," Fingers assured Dippy. "That place is big enough to put the Dodger fans in, when them Bums are winning. We could drive a car right along the fields, and nobody would be able to catch us. I personally walked through last night and I know just where we will get out on the highway, because I removed part of the fence around the estate."

"He sure did, Big Boy," Lefty said. "All you have to do is make

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sure you miss the swimming pool, which is outdoors and on the way. Of course, nobody is going to be swimming in it this time in September, so we won't be seen by witnesses. All we do is drive up to the place in your car, go to the side entrance, get in and stick up the joint. Then you drive us away."

Dippy gazed benevolently at the pair. They're the best boys I ever had, he told himself, positively the best. But they have to be told.

"I have another surprise for you, boys," he said. "We are not using my car. I have swiped a new one today."

"You what?" they chorused.

Dippy laughed. "A station wagon," he said. "I learned that a lot of these rich swells drive over in station wagons. So, you boys will sneak in on foot, and I will drive up and be waiting, with my chauffeur's uniform on, at the side of the house. Then I whisk you boys and the lamp away and a couple of weeks from now we are in Mexico. In my car." He paused, annoyed at the rattling sound from the window. He looked sharply at it. "Rain." For a moment, annoyance settled on his countenance. Then, suddenly, he smiled.

"Say, boys," he said. "This ought to show you maybe this lamp is going to be lucky. It's raining out, and if I'm not wrong, it's going to rain all day and night. It'll be a cinch to make a getaway." He got up from the desk, walked to the window and looked out. It was dull and dismal, a sharp contrast to the earlier sunshine. "Yessir, boys," he said. "It's going to keep up."

And it did. It poured like nobody's business, and it was still

coming down when, sitting snugly behind the wheel of the station wagon that evening, Dippy waited at the side of the house for the boys to do their stuff. He knew they wouldn't fail him. Puffing on a cigarette, he listened to the music coming from the house. Over the pelt of the rain, it came sweet and clear. Despite the storm, a great many people had put in an appearance. "Too bad," Dippy thought, "we don't have time to frisk them all." His eyes lighted up as his mind envisioned the jewels the guests would be wearing. But, resolutely, he thrust the thought aside. The plan had been made out, the boys were executing it, and nobody could ever call Dippy Drew greedy.

Crack! Crack! Over the music the shots came, sharp, clear—and ominous. Dippy turned the ignition key, started the motor. He had given specific instructions there was to be no shooting unless absolutely necessary. So something must have gone wrong. Dippy's mind buzzed like a cutting circular saw as he brought a gun out from beneath his coat.

Suddenly, two figures hurtled through the French window, pounced into the car. "We got it," Lefty gasped. "But those dirty crooks in there had dicks spotted all around."

"They winged me in the arm," Fingers said. "Move, Big Boy."

He didn't have to tell Dippy. Before the figures carrying guns appeared in the doorway, the station wagon was streaking across the spacious lawn. "It's a good thing this car's got new tires," Dippy said, "I'd sure hate to skid."

He peered over the wheel, straining his eyes to see through

the driving rain. Lefty broke in. "It's okay, Big Boy," he said. "But make sure you miss that pool. Better put on your lights. We're getting there."

"And they're coming right after us," Fingers announced. He had been looking through the back window. "But slow. Guess they're afraid to skid, too."

Dippy strained his eyes ahead. In the sharp knives of the headlights, he saw nothing but water. "It's okay," he said. "We must have passed that pool."

Lefty's nose was pressed against the windshield. "That's right, Big Boy," he said exultantly. "I know where we are." He pointed ahead. Where a big puddle stretched before them. "Give it the gas and get through that puddle. The fence we took away is right past it. Huh?"

The car leaped forward and Lefty turned to answer Fingers, who had bent over to the front seat. "No. . . ." Fingers cried, "you can't. . . ."

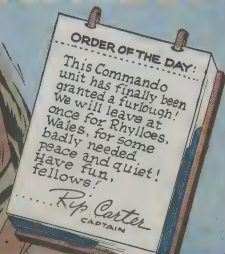
The car smashed into the puddle and Fingers screamed. Behind the station wagon, the pursuing car carrying the detectives, suddenly slowed down. "They did it," the cop at the wheel said. "Those fools went right into the pool. They must have mistaken it for a rain puddle, not knowing that the pool's draining system is clogged up."

"Well," the other cop said to the speaker and the three men in the back. "I don't know what you guys think. But I always said those newspaper stories about that lamp were true. It's sure a bad luck lamp. But I guess we'll have to fish it out with their bodies. They musta thought they were plenty smart pulling this job!"



BOY COMMANDOS

in "BATTLE
of WALES!"



ADVENTURE THRIVES IN THE BLOOD-QUICKENING FURY OF THE FIELD OF COMBAT... BUT NOT ONLY THERE! ACTION AND SUSPENSE CAN ALSO BE FOUND WHERE MEN FIGHT THE BATTLE OF PRODUCTION... AS RIP CARTER AND HIS DARING BOY COMMANDOS DISCOVER WHEN THEY VACATION IN A LITTLE WELSH MINING TOWN! FOLLOW THEM AS THEY PLUNGE THROUGH THEIR REST CURE WITH FLASHING FISTS AND BLAZING BULLETS!



by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY

SOMEWHERE IN WALES, A TRAIN PULLS INTO A SMALL OUT-OF-THE-WAY STATION AND DISCHARGES SOME INTERESTING AND INTERESTED PASSENGERS...

RHYLLOES

WELL, HERE WE ARE IN RHYLLOES, KIDS!

DAT AIN'T A NAME YA CAN SAY-YA GOTTA GARGLE IT!

HIT'S 'ARD TO BELIEVE WE'RE REALLY ON A FURLOUGH!

BOY, DIS IS DA LIFE! DIS FURLOUGH BUSINESS IS DA STUFF FOR ME! NUTTIN' TO DO BUT LOAF!

OUT! BUT WE SHOULD WALK AROUND AN' SEE ZE TOWN!

SOON AS WE LIN-PACK!



THROUGH SLUMBROUS STREETS STROLL THE BOY COMMANDOS, FAR FROM THE CRASH OF COMBAT!

THIS IS CERTAINLY THE PLACE FOR A FURLOUGH! PROBABLY THE MOST PEACEFUL AND QUIET TOWN IN THE UNITED KINGDOM!

LOOK! BROOKLYN HAS ALREADY FOUND A FRIEND!



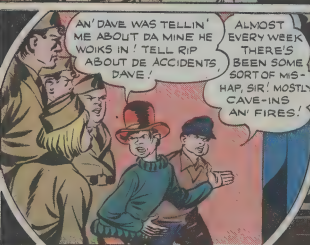
FELLERS, DIS IS DAVE PW...PWL... AW, JUST CALL HIM DAVE!

MY NAME IS DAVID PWLLDILO! BROOKLYN WAS JUST TELLIN' ME ABOUT YOU CHAPS!



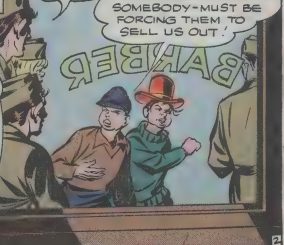
DO YOU SUPPOSE ITS SABOTAGE?

WORSE! EACH TIME TWO MINERS HAVE VANISHED WHEN IT HAPPENS! SOMETHING-SOMEBODY-MUST BE FORCING THEM TO SELL US OUT!

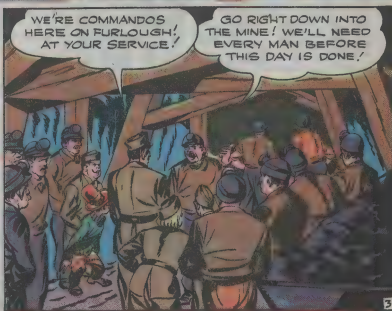
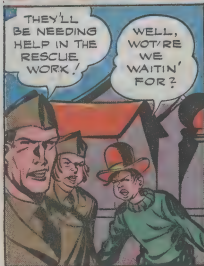
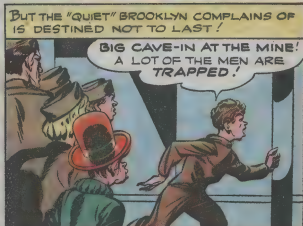
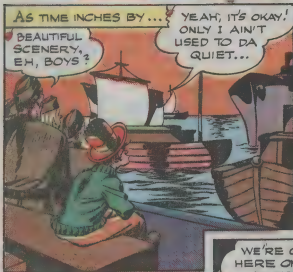
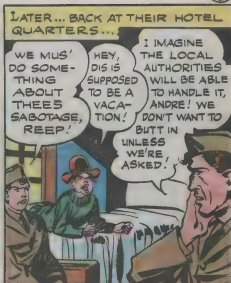


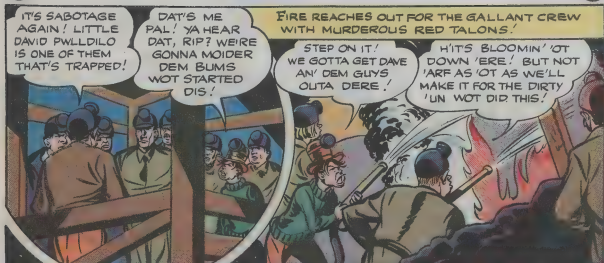
AN' DAVE WAS TELLIN' ME ABOUT DA MINE HE WOIKS IN! TELL RIP ABOUT DE ACCIDENTS, DAVE!

ALMOST EVERY WEEK THERE'S BEEN SOME SORT OF MIS-HAP, SIR! MOSTLY CAVE-INS AN' FIRES!



BARBER





IT'S SABOTAGE AGAIN! LITTLE DAVID PWLLDILLO IS ONE OF THEM THAT'S TRAPPED!

DAT'S ME PAL! YA HEAR DAT, RIP? WE'RE GONNA MOIDER DEM BUMS WOT STARTED DIS!

FIRE REACHES OUT FOR THE GALLANT CREW WITH MURDEROUS RED TALONS!

STEP ON IT! WE GOTTA GET DAVE AN' DEM GUYS OUTA DERE!

H'ITS BLOOMIN' 'OT DOWN 'ERE! BUT NOT 'ARF AS 'OT AS WE'LL MAKE IT FOR THE DIRTY 'UN WOT DID THIS!

LONG MINUTES LATER...

ZERE! WE ARE SUCCEEDING! BUT-ARE WE IN TIME?

LED US HOPE SO!

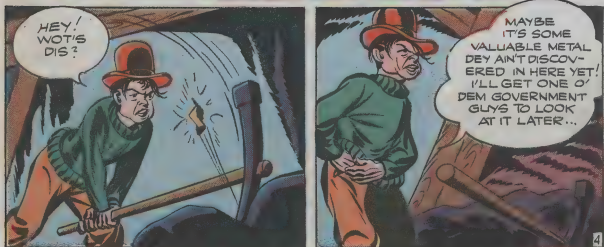
DIG IN, BOYS! WE MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE THEM YET!

SO LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE, WE NEVER GIVE UP!



HEY! WOT'S DIS?

MAYBE IT'S SOME VALUABLE METAL DEY AIN'T DISCOVERED IN HERE YET! I'LL GET ONE O' DEM GOVERNMENT GUYS TO LOOK AT IT LATER...



A MOMENTARY PAUSE FOR NOURISHMENT...

YOU MEN MUST BE TIRED! HERE'S SOME HOT SOUP FOR YOU!

YOU'RE AN ANGEL MAG LLEWELLYN!

REMARKABLE FOR A WOMAN HER AGE - COMING DOWN INTO THE MINE AND TROTTERING AROUND SO SPRILY!

THIS CERTAINLY HITS THE SPOT!

YA SAID IT! DA OLD DAME IS OKAY!



THEN BACK TO LABORIOUS DIGGING AGAIN...

WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH!

BLIMEY, HITS ABOUT TIME! HIT MUST BE GETTIN' 'ARD TO BREATHE IN THERE!



THERE THEY ARE!

THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE IN TIME!

GET ZE SOUP READY, MAMAN LLEWELLYN! WE HAVE RESCUE THEM!



BUT AMIDST THE REJOICING COMES THE SOUR NOTE OF DISCORD...

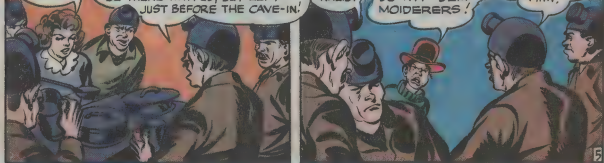
YOU POOR BOYS! PRAISE BE! YOU'RE ALL OUT SAFE!

SURE, AND WE KNOW WHO PUT US THERE! JOHN GLYND'AWER AND DAVID PWLLDILO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THERE WITH US, BUT LEFT JUST BEFORE THE CAVE-IN!

TWO MORE BLOKES WOT SOLD US OUT TO THE NAZIS!

DAT'S A LIE! DAVE WAS ME PAL AN' HE WOULDN'T HAVE NUTTIN' TO DO WIT' DEM MOIDERERS!

SORRY, LAD, BUT THE EVIDENCE IS ALL AGAINST HIM!



LATER, IN THE COOL, SWEET AIR ABOVE GROUND...

BY THE SOUL OF BROCH-O'-MEINFOD, I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D LIVE TO SEE THE SUN ON RHYLLOES HILLS AGAIN! AND NO THANKS TO THE TWO WHO DID A DIFANCOLL!

AYE, THEY DISAPPEARED! JUST LIKE THE OTHERS BEFORE THEM!

SELL OUT THEY DID! AND NOT THE FIRST TO FALL TO THE LURE OF NAZI GOLD! IT'LL NOT BE ME WHO'LL GO INTO THAT MINE AGAIN!

NOR ME!

NOR ME!

LATER...

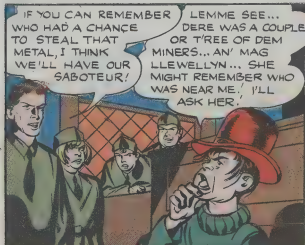
DERE'S SOMETHIN' FISHY 'BOUT DIS BUSINESS! I KNOW DAT KID WOULDN'T DO NUTTIN' LIKE DAT! HE HAD DA STUFF IN HIM!... SAY, DAT REMINDS ME! DAT RARE METAL STUFF I PICKED UP YESTERDAY!...

I GOTTA FIND OUT WOT IT'S WORT'!... HUH? IT'S GONE! SOME DOITY RAT MUSTA SWIPED IT FROM ME POCKET!

... AN DEN WHEN I LOOKS FOR IT, IT'S GONE! IT MUSTA BEEN WORT' A LOT OF DOUGH, 'CAUSE SOME-BODY SWIPED IT...

IF YOUR DESCRIPTION WAS ACCURATE, BROOKLYN, I THINK IT IS WORTH A LOT... TO SOMEONE!

I WONDERED HOW THE CAVE-IN WAS MANAGED! SOMEBODY COULD HAVE PLACED THERMITE IN A METAL BOX,—MAYBE A LUNCH BOX, TO AVOID SUSPICION—NEAR THE TUNNEL SUPPORTS! WHAT YOU FOUND WAS PROBABLY THE REMAINS OF THE BOX, FUSED BY THE TERRIFIC HEAT!



IF YOU CAN REMEMBER WHO HAD A CHANCE TO STEAL THAT METAL, I THINK WE'LL HAVE OUR SABOTEUR!

LEMME SEE... DERE WAS A COUPLE OR T'REE OF DEM MINERS... AN' MAG LLEWELLYN... SHE MIGHT REMEMBER WHO WAS NEAR ME. I'LL ASK HER.



LATER... MUCH LATER...

BROOKLYN'S BEEN GONE A BLOODY LONG TIME, RIP!

MAYBE SOMETHING HAS HAPPEN TO HIM.

UND ON HIS VACATION, TOO!



I THINK WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO MAG LLEWELLYN OURSELVES...

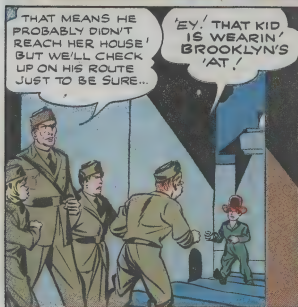
YOU MEAN, YOU THEENK--?

DO NOT BE FOOLISH, ANDRE! SHE IS A NICE OLD WOMAN WHO WOULD NOT HARM A FLY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

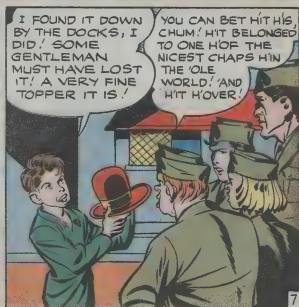
MY GOODNESS, NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR LITTLE FRIEND! IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE IF SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO HIM... ON TOP OF OUR OTHER TRAGEDY! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP, CAPTAIN CARTER?

NOT NOW, MRS. LLEWELLYN! WE'LL LET YOU KNOW...



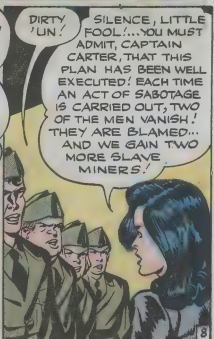
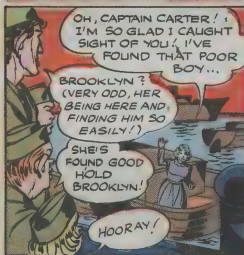
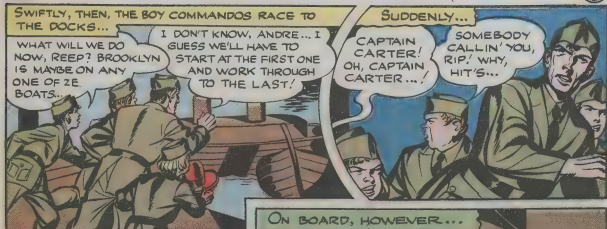
THAT MEANS HE PROBABLY DIDN'T REACH HER HOUSE! BUT WE'LL CHECK UP ON HIS ROUTE JUST TO BE SURE...

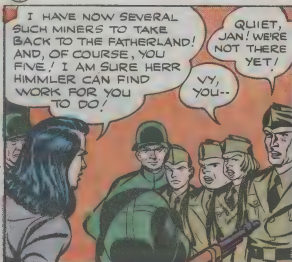
'EY! THAT KID IS WEARIN' BROOKLYN'S 'AT!



I FOUND IT DOWN BY THE DOCKS, I DID! SOME GENTLEMAN MUST HAVE LOST IT! A VERY FINE TOPPER IT IS!

YOU CAN BET HIT HIS, CHUM! HIT BELONGED TO ONE HOF THE NICEST CHAPS HIN THE 'OLE WORLD! 'AND H'IT H'OVER!

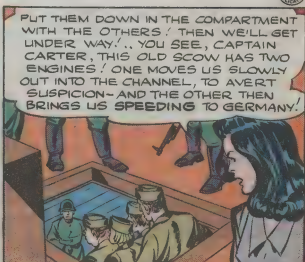




I HAVE NOW SEVERAL SUCH MINERS TO TAKE BACK TO THE FATHERLAND! AND, OF COURSE, YOU FINE! I AM SURE HERR HIMMLER CAN FIND WORK FOR YOU TO DO!

QUIET, JAN! WE'RE NOT THERE YET!

VY, YOU--



PUT THEM DOWN IN THE COMPARTMENT WITH THE OTHERS! THEN WE'LL GET UNDER WAY!... YOU SEE, CAPTAIN CARTER, THIS OLD SCOW HAS TWO ENGINES! ONE MOVES US SLOWLY OUT INTO THE CHANNEL, TO AVERT SUSPICION--AND THE OTHER THEN BRINGS US SPEEDING TO GERMANY!

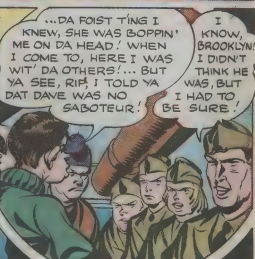
A MOMENT LATER... THE CAMOUFLAGED SPEEDBOAT GETS LABORIOUSLY UNDER WAY...



BROOKLYN! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

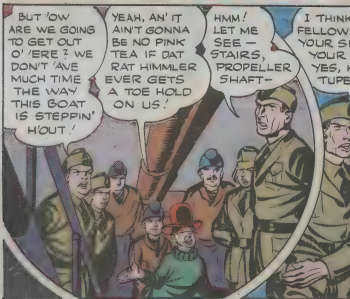
DID THEM DIRTY 'UNS 'URT YOU?

NAW! DEY RAISE 'EM TOO TOUGH IN BROOKLYN! BUT CAN YA IMAGINE A NICE OLD DAME LIKE DAT BEIN' A RAT?



...DA FOIST T'ING I KNEW, SHE WAS BOPPIN' ME ON DA HEAD! WHEN I COME TO, HERE I WAS WIT' DA OTHERS!... BUT YA SEE, RIF, I TOLD YA DAT DAVE WAS NO SABOTEUR!

I KNOW, BROOKLYN! I DIDN'T THINK HE WAS, BUT I HAD TO BE SURE!



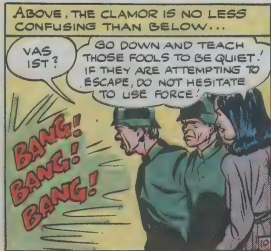
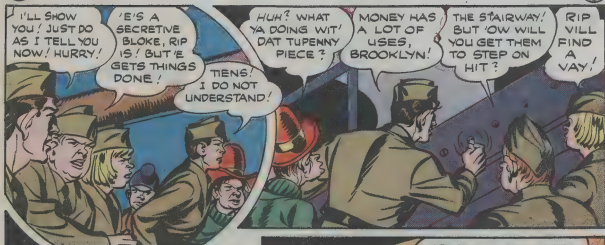
BUT 'OW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT O'ERE? WE DON'T 'AVE MUCH TIME THE WAY THIS BOAT IS STEPPIN' H'OUT!

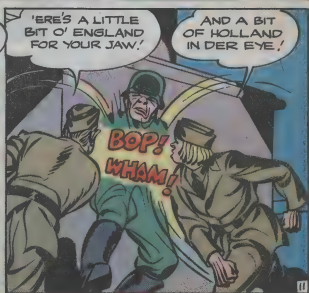
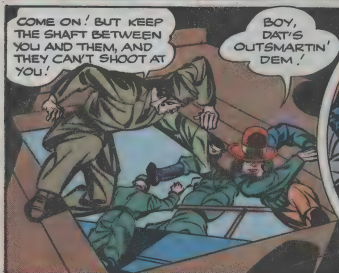
YEAH, AN' IT AIN'T GONNA BE NO PINK TEA IF DAT RAT HIMMLER EVER GETS A TOE HOLD ON US!

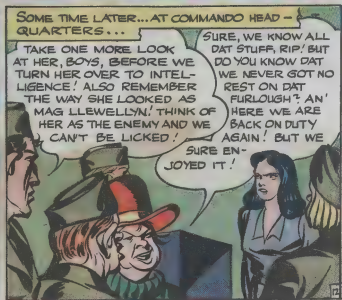
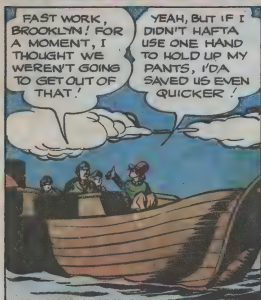
HMM! LET ME SEE -- STAIRS, PROPELLER SHAFT--

I THINK I CAN DO IT, FELLOWS! REMOVE YOUR SHOES AND YOUR BELTS!... YES, HERE'S A TUPENNY-- IT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

WOT'S DA IDEA, RIF? WE AIN'T GONNA CLIMB OUTA DIS BOAT LIKE IT WAS A CASTLE! BESIDES, THERE AIN'T NO WINDOW!







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CARTOONING

The 97 Pound Weakling

—Who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension". It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326F
115 East 23rd Street
New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

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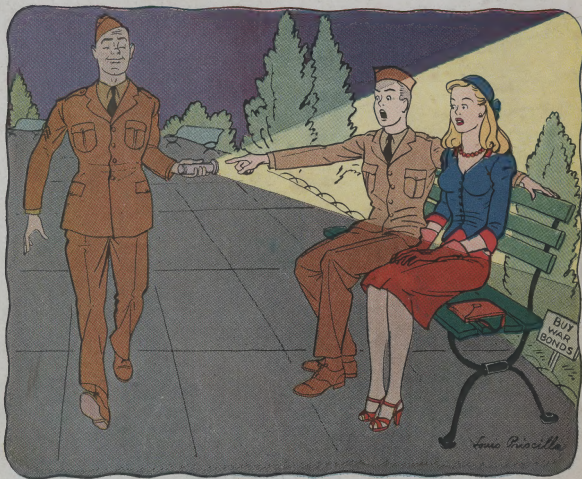


CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326F 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

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